a 42

The George Inn
Chollerford
Northumberland.

Saturday
1st June.

1938

Chollerford, as you probably know, is a Roman Bridge (only one arch left) over the River Tyne, at the bottom of the Great Wall, which separates England from Scotland: about 30 years ago, Walter took us to see it at Gilsland from Corby. In fact, we're not very far from Corby. The country from the wall is precisely like the Campagna. Thats all I shall say by way of description.

We must all leave London at 7 on a fine summer morning: reach Peterborough at 12: Then visit Thorney Island & Crowland Abbey. This last is the finest Church in England. It is in the middle of the Fens. And it's exactly like a Church in the Dordogne. Why this is magnificent I cant say. But we could see all this - & the Fens - & have a thorough English lunch off trout salad & cold beef & be back in London in time for Angelica's show (as we now call it) at 8. So do consider the

matter. England is practically undiscovered & incredibly lovely. I wish not describe the Love-Ted Utahan Earth that we discovered in the back streets of Gainsborough: out of Lilena she has not its match. The grass grows round it: iron railings are of course included: orange peel, paper bags: one old pant. Love is one vast tower. That trough ....

I hope John has been submissive. He rang me up late on Wednesday, after I had gone to the House of Commons, & was rather happy at being Lord ah was debited with Mr. Nicholls & we couldn't see him. He said he had travelled poor hark from Prague to the Coast. I read, a misunderstanding. Then we shut off. I could wait at least 16 years about life in the hotel how. There was an otter hunting party at breakfast this morning: the weir runs through the Garden. Old ladies of 70 appeared in tweed suits with the pads of otters or foxes mounted in gold pinned to their breasts. Last night I was shut up alone with two spinsters; who after welcoming me very kindly, turned upon each other with such ferocity over patience that the room rang. All Utica was forgotten. Their Uberty love over their long brown legs. And now they're reading opposite. But the key to their souls is Patience - I cant go into it fully. B.

HAMILL 12/29/69

a.43 Flora Macdonald lived in this house. The sea is beneath its window. How came Bonnie Charlie loved as a beggar.

Telephone: Duntulm 3
Telegrams:
Flodigarry Hotel, Skye

Portree
27 June 38
Portree

FLODIGARRY HOTEL
PORTREE
ISLE OF SKYE

Pouncy
Mr. Johnson
& Bowen – but
but take her for a
25th June fact a boat or
at

Well, here we are in Skye, at last
like the South Sea – completely remote, surrounded
by sea, people speaking Gaelic, no railways,
no London papers, hardly any inhabitants.
Believe me or not, this (in its way, as people say)
so far as I can judge as a level with Italy,
Greece or Florence. We are in Fitzroy Street with
Pakenham this; & descriptions are given abhorrent –
further the room is pullulating & pottering
with Edinburgh tourists, one of whom owns
Spaniels, like Sally, but a deal Lhasa trained,
the only thing they won't carry being bares" –
so I can't run on, did you wish it. Only –
Loch, in Duncan's highlands, the colours

THE FLODIGARRY HOTEL,
PORTREE.
ISLE OF SKYE.

a.43

Mr. Alec Bell
8 Fitzroy Street
London W. I
England

in a perfectly rich deep blue lake of green &
purple trees reflected in the middle of the water which
was enclosed with green reed & yellow flags, &
the whole sky & a purple hill — wch, though. She
should be a painter. As a writer, I feel the
beauty, which is almost entirely colour, my subtle,
very changeable, running over my pen, as if you
poured a large jug ~~of~~ of champagne over a
hair pin. I must here tender my congratulations
to Dunlop upon being a Grant. We've driven
round the Island today, Lieut Wemyss, Commander
the Children of the 27th Chaffain, mid'd headed
boats: the Castle door being open I walked in: they
very politely told me the Castle was shut to
visitors, but I could see the Gardens. Here I
found a Gamekeeper Carter with the tails of
two wild Cats. Eagles are said to abound & this
carry off sheep: sheep & Hogs Terriers are the only
industrious: the old women live in round huts exactly
the shape of Hogs terriers; & you can count each the
nations on 20 feet: but they are very
rapacious in the towns, & it no use trying

a 43 ii

Telephone: Duntulm 3
Telegrams:
Flodigarry Hotel, Skye

FLODIGARRY HOTEL
PORTREE
ISLE OF SKYE

(2)

to buy anything, as the price, even of Sally's meat, is
at least 6 times higher than in our honest land.
Ah the Scots, the Scotch are great charmers, +
sing through their nose like musical tea kettles. The
only local gossip I've collected for you ~~is done~~
is about your Mrs Hamilton's wife — the one who was
drowned in Loch Ness. He met a charming Irish
Couple in an Inn, who were in touch, through friends,
with the Monster. They had seen him. He is
like several broken telegraph posts + shows at
immense speed. He has no head. He is constantly
seen. Well, after Mr Hamilton was drowned,
the Insurance Company sent divers after her, as she
was wearing 30,000 pounds of pearls on her
head. They dived + came to the mouth of a
vast cavern, from which hot water poured: +

the current was so strong, & the horror they felt so great, they refused to go further, being convinced the Monster hid there, in a hollow under the hill. In short, Mrs. Hamlet were swallowed. No drowned body is ever recovered — now the natives refuse to boat on to bathe. That is all the local gossip. And I wish not to describe the colour.

I think John's story utterly absurd. Poor old Leonard had been most careful to tell him not to come after 4: had waited in all day; & left all instructions in writing with Mrs. Nicholls. John then rings up at 6.30 & makes no apology — in fact complains ... However, Leonard is writing to Jim himself. Ah! Did was to cheat my orders. NYPL Jim has a hole in the very old Spanker whose one evening dress has a hole in the behind. It was the way he behaved before. We hoped, & he declared, that life had taught him better — God knows how he'll settle down, if he's still so itchy. I'm glad Jim & I talked to Clive — I feel he wants to talk, only can't, unless one starts him. It's such a mistake, letting one's self become snowed under. Also I'm glad he approves of the book. I quite agree that letters must be redundant — it's the way Jim get the whole feeling & character, & I only wish there was a complete account — Childhood, Cambridge &c: after all, nothing so important as a person like Julian. However, I think there's enough to give an outline, & nothing seemed to me too private. Yes — working lives is the devil. I shiver at the thought of Roger.

a 43 iii

Telephone: Duntulm 3
Telegrams:
Flodigarry Hotel, Skye

FLODIGARRY HOTEL
PORTREE
ISLE OF SKYE

3.

Cand really must it begin a third sheet.
but cant help hoping you may write
another letter before we come back - I
rushed to the office here: saw your envelope:
tore it open, regardless of all questions.
That shows how you pow Jinji adores you.
Of course both Chairs are my present.
Cand a very small one. This is absolutely
Underwood. Good Dolphin. If not, then cloaks,
shocking & a pearl necklace with dress cend. The
Clarks asked us: thank God the party question is
solved at last' in Skye. When shall I see you?
We start back on Monday & shall be home on
Sunday. but I suppose you'll be at Charlston.
Very cold here, & all weather; but, as I say,
lovely. B-

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Postmark: OBAN. ARGYLL. 28 JUNE 1938

a 47

Explore than ni
the ram-
ble from Inn
about Julians
Bower. We had
very thunderb, &
Depart ni
hour.

I rather
Fi's ma
knife.

Have yu
letter
writ-
ten ?

Bank a
Sunday.

Or how
long the
Argetia
Highland Queen.

B.

Pick up 9 darlings
last Sunday.

Love.

Ni fish ma

PARK HOTEL

OBAN

ARGYLLSHIRE

D. C. CARMICHAEL PROPRIETOR

Tuesday 28th about

We are now in Oban, which is, as far as I have seen it, the Ramsgate of the Highlands. Only the Scotch having melancholy in their bones — that why there the Stevenson's, as Julian said, get their black melancholy, turned to madness in some of us by a drop of French blood, going entirely without funerals build even bathing sheds of Granite let alone hotels. The result is grim; & as Every lamp post is a notice, Please do not spit on the pavement. We had a terrific drive yesterday in one of the most known Sales, over the wildest pass. Trees were barking; rivers simply Cataractuous, but very beautiful, if the rain had stopped: but not. Our petrol gave out; & the oil clogged the engine. But meraden happen, & suddenly an Inn appeared, in a black forge: & on opening the door, there were 20 tables with cloths laid diamond shape, mats in white aprons, & 7 different Cakes; including the best Post bread I've ever eaten. We were warmly welcomed by the 20 old fishing men & women — they practically Dexter, & I've often taken one for a Dog & vice versa: Some

a 44

PARK HOTEL
OBAN
ARGYLLSHIRE

OBAN
10 45 PM
28 JNE
1938
ARGYLL

Mrs Clive Bell
8 Fitzroy Street
London
England
W. 1

a.44

Postmark: OBAN. ARGYLL. 28 June 1938

Explore Oban in the rain. No letter from John about Julian's book. We had to leave Inverlochy & reserve his account. I suppose he is in a huff. Have no address with him? Back in Sunday. Love, Mary & Tuc xx. Eugenia & Sam. Highland Julian. 03. Sticks out 9 days. Last Send love.

PARK HOTEL

OBAN

ARGYLLSHIRE

D. C. CARMICHAEL PROPRIETOR

A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C. C.V.M.

Tuesday 28th about

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had been forking in the rain for 10 days & caught one trout. They talk such a brogue I had to use utmost efforts to get the point that at one moment I was talking about the Queens mother's death & they were talking about the rarity of polecats & some such topic. Then a garage mended the car & one swept into the desert, & just as night was falling — that is a kind of Cadaverous dawn. for the sun neither rises nor sets in the highlands — I saw 2 great deer, wounding from rock to rock. That all the description you need skip.

I've had a wild raving letter from both Arnold Forster, describing his feeling in an American forest where he was being buried. He is now coming back, & must see me at once. Shall I counter him with Pipsey? — the two widowers might cancel out. With all the, Epoxing phrases; oh dear, how stagey that group was: breezy, elemental, slangy, & manly: at the same time, sulping with profound emotion. No more letters from you, which casts a gloom over me; for I feel so very highland & parish out of your radius. Today I bought woollen gloves & a waterproof hat — my only purchases, for there is a scarcity of celebration you can't credit. Not a turnip grows, nor cabbage: but wild roses, & foxgloves; & though the weather is like a weathercock, one day is always fine for half the time, & then freezing. The food varies. Last night Even you would have been tolerably content; simple & indigenous: fish is the trump card, Lemad says — haddock & herring diverse, but I don't think fish a good investment in any time — then cake.. Leonard says they are unmatched: I don't like scones for breakfast, or ginger in the cake — still the more luxurious sugar cakes are very good. And the porridge is a dream — only I loathe porridge. There a good earthy soup — all vegetables contorted — that I like, & the splendour of sausage, bacon, ham eggs. grape fruit, oatcake, grilled ham for breakfast — The people are enchanting. Mr Cunningham the baker is sending me 6 tins of his own shortbread. He, wife, & children at Skye were beyond belief nice, & I adore all who live in hotels, but not so much as I adore you — Here & so I must

NYPL
HAMILL 12/29/69

a.45

but written at Rodmell

Postmark London WC 7 July 1938

li 8 Fitzroy St

Thursday

Many thanks for the jacket. I think this one of the best you ever did & quite lovely, & also practical, & you've killed 2 birds with 3 cheques.

Quentin is coming to tea this afternoon - & Maynard, Lydia & Lytton. And here's Mr Wicks to discuss the new room.

Sunday - shall we come in & dine?

VW.

a 45

LONDON. W.C.
12 45 AM
7 JLY
1938
D

Mrs. Bell
8 Fitzroy Street
W. 1.